

## BRADSHAW'S GHOST;

A  
P O E M:

O R,

A Dialogue between *John Bradshaw*, Ferry-man *Charon*, *Oliver Cromwell*,  
*Francis Ravilliack*, and *Ignatius Loyola*. 1660.*Bradsh.* COME, *Charon*, come — *Cha.* VVhat unexpected shade  
Is this that thus imploresth *Charon's* aid?*Brad.* 'Tis I. *Char.* Raven, I know that tone,  
That durst to boad destruction to a Throne:  
Thy guilt's too heavy, and in vain implores  
A Scullers help; your Lordship should have Oars.  
Lay down your Burthen, then I'll carry you;  
I cannot waite *Bradshaw* and a Murtheter too.  
Have you drunk *Lethe* yet that you've forgot  
Noll lately pass'd; alas, he broke my Boat:  
Besides the Foord is shallow. *Brad.* Never think  
Of that, your danger then is less to sink.  
'Tis strange, shall I water want? It cannot be:  
I have spilt Blood enough to make a Sea.  
By all that's bad, we'll swim it o're: then come,  
My Keel shall plow my *Mare Mortuum*.  
Let but the winds be good, and we'll prevail,  
Curfes and Sighs shall swell the labouring Sail.*Char.* First, let me know what haste hath brought thee here:  
Didst thou ride Post upon the \* three-leg'd Mare? \* *Tyburn.*  
Or did thy Murthuring Soul unto this Foord  
Fly from the point of some Revenging Sword?*Brad.* I Murthered not my self; and none but I  
Dur attempt that venturous Act, to vie  
VVith Hell for th' *Ruff*, and double o're again  
The seventy seven-fold Punishment of *Cain*.  
My P'ow was my block, and Swans did bring  
My Scarlet Soul upon their milky wing.*Char.* 'Tis strange; yea, and unnatural, to see  
That such a Rogue should dye, and naturally:  
Sure millions would have Ravished thy Breath,  
But that none durst attempt that deed but Death,  
For Justice could not be Reveng'd on you,  
Unleis he could kill Soul and Body too.  
But wh, do you come here? get you to Hell  
For to Read Lectures unto *Machiavel*:  
Your *Borgia* could do that, and I have Reason  
To keep you back; *Pluto* would think it Treason.  
You and your Partner sure will pluck him down,  
Hell is not dark enough to hide his Crown.*Brad.* *Charon*, don't fear, I'll warrant we'll agree,  
For Hell and I were ne're at enmity.*Char.* Give me your Naulum, then take here this cup  
Of *Lethe*, think 'us Blood, and swill it up. —*Brad.* That won't wash Guilt, 'tis as good let it alone.  
And as for Money, I will give you none. —  
I've a Commission, mind from whom I am sent;  
You're Ferry-man unto the Parliament. —*Char.* *Lambert* hath shut that Door, and as for me,  
You shall not enter here without a Fee.  
Should I waite Round-heads o're for nought, I find,  
Camelion-like, my Sails must live by wind.  
Had you the Bishops Lands, and could not bring  
One Tithe to me? at least an Offering.  
You shall not o're on tick, for pay you must;  
VVhen Infidels do meet, ne're talk of trust.*Bradsh.* There's Six-pence. *Cha.* What's the Motto? *O, tis this,*  
*The Common-wealth of England; God with us.*  
You VVorship Coin, your Golden Calves, I see,  
Have got a pretty stamp, a Deiry.  
But prithee, *Bradshaw*, now thou art come, lets know  
How thou and Pride did chance to fall so low.  
You went for Saints on Earth, were it not far  
More fit for you 'th' Heavens to shine a Star?*Brad.* My Brother Pride his thoughts on Hell did fix,  
For to brew merry Beer and Ale with *Styx*.  
His Trash would not vent there; the Angels they,  
He thought drank nothing but *Ambrosia*:  
And somewhat else besides increas'd his Fears,  
There was a grudge betwixt him and the Bears.  
And *Charon*, as to me your Questions are  
Most Foolish; know you not that *Charles* is there?  
To drive black *Pluto's* Coach I'de rather dain,  
Than to be VVaggoner to *Charles's* wain.*Char.* VVere you out, you shou'd scarce come in again:  
This Ferry-boat was never made for Man.  
But you may go 'cause you're Noll's stalking-horse,  
Rather for Beast, or something that is worse.*Brad.* More As I; but I am rid on't I suppose,  
And shall be even with him in spite of's Nose.  
I must confes my Purple Robes alone  
Did serve to make a Foot-stall for his Throne.  
Nought could be done, I say'to my Disgrace,  
By's Iron-fides, but for my brazen face:  
I scorn'd to pluck off 'at to Majesty.  
Although I made him pluck off's Head to me:  
Though he amazed, it stir'd not me; his Breath  
Cou'd not move me, although it frightned Death.

My Perjur'd Soul cou'd easily dispence  
To cut a way for *Noll* through Innocence.  
Yet enter'd not I on the Mine before  
I thought my self secure of half the Ore:  
I thought my gains were good, the stakes being down;  
I quickly made a Foot-ball of the Crown:  
But *Noll* trip'd up my heels, that furly Souly;  
And I was glad at last I escap'd the Goal.  
He got the gain, and lost his Soul and all,  
That \* *Jone* might sell her Kitchen-stuff at *White-hall*. \* *Nolls wife*:  
Here's Land: what Clouds are these? what, does Hell turn  
Our all her Lights? 'cause she for me might mourn.  
Has *Pluto* Tinder-boxes? *Char*. No. *Brad*. What then?  
Hath *Noll* a Nose will light those Flames agen?

*Char*. Beware, lest hood-wink'd thus, you stray go on  
Close by *Coetus*, then by *Acheron*.

*Cerberus* longs to see you, he'll afford  
Three Salutations to you in one word.

Fling 'im a Heart, for there belongs a fee

To the Door-keeper as well as unto me.

*Bradsh*. Thanks for this needless Counsel: But ne'r tell

Me that I ere was out of the way to Hell.

*Cromwel* the Great being Link-boy, sure he knows

The way, if not, we'll follow both his Nose.

Farewel. But now I stray, the darkness is

So great, I shall not find the way to mis's:

I ne'r walk'd wrong, though I am ne'r right, for where

So ere I am, Hell properly is there.

But stay, what's that? why should I be afraid

Of what is but the Shadow of a Shade?

Methinks I hear a voice, which cries, stand back:

Why, who art thou? *Rav*. I am *Ravilliack*.

*Brad*. What empty thing art thou? As for my part,

I am as th' Soul of th' Rump shou'd be a fart

Lately let, you shortly shall have more;

*Lambert* hath kick'd their Arse-ships out of door.

*Rav*. Welcom, most Reverend Shade; then you art sent

With an Embassage from the Parliament.

*Brad*. No: for Infernal Aid we always were

Sure to have that as well in Peace as War.

Your Counsel needful was, for we were so evil,

None there but cou'd be Tutor to a Devil.

I'm come to commence Villain, something more;

I did perform my Acts on Earth before:

The World and Hell my Merits know, and to

Be short, *Ravilliack*, I'll take place of you.

*Rav*. Pardon, bold Shade, if I desire to know

If ever you've deserv'd that place or no.

First, we'll dispute, what do you think of that?

And we'll choose *Pluto* for to moderate.

*Brad*. Go, Pupil, undergraduate Friend; tush he

That well can Judge, must more than Devil be.

If that we must, let's be try'd by such things

As well do know what 'tis to Murder Kings.

Such should be Judges for us: Ay, such shou'd,

Whose guilty Souls speak nothing under Blood.

Fiends of a double die, such as do scorn

To swear, unless they're sure to be forsworn:

Nor for Secluded Members they are sent,

For Judges we'll have an Old Parliament;

There's Members here enough, why do I stick?

Enough to make a Body Politick.

*Rav*. Pretty State-Monster, a fine hoddody,

One, as they say, that is more Arse than Body.

*Brad*. Disdain 'um not, you cannot parallel

Such true false-hearted Devils not in Hell.

There was no Reason for't; though *Lambert* bore

A spight to th' House to turn it out o'th' door:

To me it always seem'd exceeding fit,

What Members, pray you, 'sides the Rump shall sit?

Yet 'cause you stand upon't, I'll ne'r abuse

Your Privilege: *Ravilliack*, you may chuse.

I and my Partners shall not value you,

With *Machiavel*, and all *Loyola's* crew.

Farewel, prepare against the Judges Call,

For I must speak a word or two with *Noll*.

Lye, Swear, Forswear, all this I'll grant to you:

Nay, and your Mental Reservations too.

You shall Condemn your selves, you'll see in fine,

And *Bellarmino* shall confute *Bellarmino*.

*Oliver*. VVelcom to mourning; welcom, Shade in brief,

You're very welcom to the Joys of Grief.

I pray do you no Letters with you carry?

Nor from soft \* *Richard*, nor from simple *Harry*. \* 2 of *Olivers* Sons.

Me-thinks 'tis very strange, that \* *Thurlo*'s grown \* *Oliver's* Sister.

So proud, he will not write a word for \* *Jone*. \* *Oliver's* wife.

Poor wretch, her Breeding ne'r taught her a word,

She knew no Character but that o'th' Sword;

Though *Lambert's* VVife and I to th' corquean

Did read the Horn-book o're and o're agen.

But waving *Puffes* Majesty, pray how

Doth Mice and Rats in the House of Commons do?

Their leaving of the House, makes me to think

That the Foundation e're belong will sink.

*Brad*. My heart is almost broke, you can't believe

How I am vex'd: I made no more to grieve,

Now all things do concur to misery,

All because you and I did disagree.

Fools that we were, to mind we did not call,

Satan divided against himself, must fall.

*Oliver*. Tush, that is only Scripture; why, I say

That all the Bible is Apocrypha.

*Brad*. VVhat if we went for Saints? 'tis all one thing

For to abuse the Scripture and the King.

Nay, our Thanksgivings too were always least,

VVhen such long Graces we had at a Feast,

Before you wou'd kill, you'd have *Peters* Call,

And make your Enemy a Mock-Funeral.

He laughs your Army's Sanctified VVord;

His VVit did lend an edge unto your Sword.

Nay, and the Devil doth on Scripture call,

Then when he would be Devil most of all.

*Oliver*. 'Tis very true. But prethee let me know

A brief Relation, how all things do go.

*Brad*. VVhy *Noll*, 'twould make a heart of stone Relent,

A Booth does dare the House of Parliament.

They talk of Kings: Nay, which is worse, I do

Fear all the Nation will turn Honest too.

One true Religion hies unto its Mother;

The Church and Taxes do avert another.

One thing or other makes 'um all to cry

VV'e'll be Apostates to Apostacy.

Things are so bad, they'd all be good, wer't not

For these three Fiends, *Vain*, *Hastier*, and *Scot*.

Dippers and Quakers they their Lepers be;

All in the Nations Discord do agree.

*Vain* was Anointed Rogue, though for to do,

VVere for to lose the Oyl and Labour too.

*Noll*, why were you not King? when you did see

A *Pilate* was, you well might *Herod* be.

*Oliver*. VVhy, I was more; the truth to lay you down,

No Hat but mine ith' Kingdom wore a Crown.

I onely Lords created, truly seeing

Me out of nothing leap into a Being.

I made 'um better than my self, Earls then,

It was below 'um to be Gentlemen.

VVhat odds have Awns and Swords when they go to't?

I vampt the old worn-out *Hewson* Lord to boot.

*Brad*. You *Hewson*'d it, 'tis twenty now to ten,

But that his Lordship's at his Last agen.

*Oliver*. But heark, now Quakerism begins to down:

Think you that Puritans will put on Lawn?

*Brad*. No; white is Innocent: nay, I'll tell you what,

The VVhore of *Babylon's* Smock is made of that.

*Peters* to try this *Turkish* point, thought meet

A while for to do penance in a sheet.

*Oliver*. That was a merry Rogue, and truth to tell,

I lik'd his way of Laughing Men to Hell:

Dull heavy looks I like not, I protest,

Except in Quakers, such as are possest.

*Brad*. Alas, the Times are Honest like to be;

Men must not wear Cloaks for Piety.

Satan will go no more to Church I fear,  
If that the Fashion brings up such lewd ware:  
To let him have no Pew, it were uncivil;  
VWhere Surplises are Jerkins, farewell Devil.

*Oliver.* In my Time 'twas not so; the Clergy-men  
Had not such plenty sure of Linnen then.  
The Bishops were so poor, that they, alack,  
VWere glad they had a Surplice next their back:  
I strip'd their Mother Church, and without jest,  
I think that *Scotch-cloth* fits Religion best;  
For pray now, why should not the wear of Cloaks  
As well fit *John of Styles*, as *John of Nokes*?  
As for the honest *Scotch*, we ne'r shall want  
Their Aid, for they have took the Covenant:  
'Gainst all that's good, they are quite Bankrupt now,  
They Sold their King and their Religion too.  
They against Nature sin, should they be good;  
They're born perfidious, and shou'd  
They Love Religion, then we needs must all  
Confess that Aft to be unnatural.  
None yet was ever good, till he forgot,  
And was ashamed of the Name of *Scot*.

*Brad.* The Court is set, I must away, and try  
To bear away the Prize of Villany.  
I a Solicitor want, and may go look  
For one, unless I chance to meet with *Cook*.

*Oliver.* Go on and prosper; as for th' other, he  
Is an honest man, if but compar'd to thee:  
If Murder can add merit to thy Praise,  
The *Elizian* Fields can ne'r supply thee Bays.  
But why talk I of Bays? I there did flatter,  
Thy *Symon's* Neck better becomes a Halter.  
*Brad.* *Ravilliack*, speak, for I will give thee first,  
Or any odds, because thy Cause is worst.

## Ravilliack's Oration.

*Rav.* Know then, most Reverend *Loyola*, I do  
My self and cause both recommend to you:  
VWere I indifferent bad, I'de ne'r engage  
Your Devil-ship into my Patronage.  
This Hand brought *Harry's* Letter, whose sad date  
Ended his days, I was the Post of Fate.  
He scarcely Read a Sentence, I did doom  
His Life unto a period should come.  
I made the *Flower-de-luce* to bleed, and yield  
For to be quarter'd in a bloody Field:  
I Murder'd *Hany*, whose Auspicious Birth  
Presag'd a League even 'twixt Heaven and Earth:  
And what doth aggravate my business, I  
Did kill Religion out of Piety.  
I offer'd up that Sacrifice alone,  
None else durst make an Altar of the Throne:  
And shall I now be brought in Competition  
With *Bradshaw*? Youngest Son unto Perdition.  
I bath'd my self all over in the Flood;  
He onely wash'd his hand in Royal Blood.  
He thinks one Action will Surname him Great,  
When all my Life was a Religious Cheat:  
But talk detracts from deeds. Not *Tully's* wrack  
Of words could reach unto *Ravilliack*.  
I'll say no more, but keep the place, were it  
For nothing but 'cause I am a Jesuit.

## Bradshaw's Oration.

*Brad.* You've said too much, but not enough; go to:  
There is not one of th' Rump but's worse than you.  
You kill'd the King of *France*, and then all's said;  
I King of *France* and *England* Murdered.

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My fault exceeds yours, and more weight doth carry  
Than it, by how much *Charles* exceeded *Hany*:  
Yours was Lay-murder. Sacriledge mine. You can't  
Like me boast: You a King kill'd, I a Saint.  
They me ith' Book of Martyrs will Remember,  
And as to *Faux*, give a day in *November*.  
Your Murder was Religious; true, and I  
Committed too a Pious Villany.  
In *Charles* I kill'd the Church, that's more than you;  
I Sacrific'd the Priest and Temple too:  
I made the Cushions Blocks: The Butchers wore  
The Sleeves that *Canterbury* had before.  
I *Capel* slew, if they the Saints did track  
I slew, they'd muster up an Almanack:  
Their Bloods wou'd add new Rubricks, whilst that they  
Blush all the Year into one Holy-day.  
Nor fin'd I singly, I made hundreds be  
Co-partners with me in that Villany.  
I made them sin, in that I made 'um joyn,  
So that I challenge all their Sins as mine.  
I did Hell far more Service than you can,  
'Twas I that favoured the Puritan:  
Nay, I did Love the *Scots* and *Quakers* too,  
*Ravilliack*, *Cook* must have the place of you.  
You'll not be in my class: Nay, all my pack  
Of Hell-hounds are above *Ravilliack*.  
Not one of *Charles's* Silver hairs I shed,  
Invaluable might purchase *Harry's* Head.  
And does your Dagger think for to out-brave  
My Ax? I kill'd, but yet debar'd a Grave:  
So that in hindring *Charles* a Tomb-stone, I  
A Monument built to my own Infamy.  
I pluck'd his Statue down; what should I have  
For my Deserts? I Murdered his Grave:  
Nor was I this alone content to do,  
I made Cloaks Preach him Traytor, Tyrant too:  
And made 'um swear't, I did so watch their waters,  
All Treason did commit, except the Traytors.  
What think you then, that he deserved hath,  
That kill'd both the Defender, and the Faith?  
Judge all! and if the place you me deny,  
Why then you'r worser Devils all than I.

## Loyola's Oration.

*Loyola.* 'Tis bravely said of both: Nor can I tell,  
If this Man, or if that Man do excell:  
Degrees are wanting due to both to give,  
For they must be beyond superlative.  
They both are Rogues in grain, both dipt in blood  
Of Kings — But yet me-thinks I shou'd  
Give one the place: It grieves me sore to see  
The Rump thus baffle my Society.  
*Bradshaw* did kill a God: My Rogue comes after,  
And can amount no higher than Man-slaughter.  
The thoughts of *Bradshaw's* worth doth make me mad,  
For's one that hath out-done whatever's bad.  
O that I liv'd but again, that I  
Might be the Founder of a Rump, and dy!  
For their Association seems to be  
Companions with my Society.  
Learning is needless, they a way have hit,  
That makes 'um to be wise beyond all wit.  
Like Foxes Tayls (I must unto you tell)  
One Rump doth far a thousand Heads excell.  
They cut Mens throats by Law: Nay, and they do  
Make Justice guilty of the Murder too.  
So when you say, the King's kill'd, 'tis not meant  
By *Bradshaw*, but by my Lord President.  
Their Labouring Souls first bring forth Mischief, then  
They Christn'd after it was cast; so when  
Rape, Murder, Sacriledge, call'd that Pious Hector  
Their God-Son, Butcher *Cromwell*, Lord Protector.



Cowards oth' Rump were Worthies: *Fleetwood* thus  
 From's Valour scorn'd to be call'd Valourous.  
 See what an Act of Parliament can do!  
 If they but Vote him Valourous, he is so:  
 For though the sniveling Sinner deserv'd banging,  
 For he had ne'r the wit to merit hanging.  
 Strange Operation of the Rump, the Fool  
 The Devil, he's put Clerk to their Close-stool.  
 For the Rumpish Members Honour, I think fit  
 We A&t that Member first of all should sit.  
 I like this topsy-turvy, we'll be led  
 By *England*, and the Arse shall be the Head:  
 And next Thanksgiving-dinner, our *Old Nick*  
 Shall feed on Rump, 'twill make him Politick.  
 We'll Knight it, if your Judgments be like mine,  
 It shall be Sir Rump, we'll have no more Sir Loyn.  
 They should be welcom all, but that I fear  
 They would prescribe new Models to us here:

(4)

They merit not this place alone, but well  
 Do for themselves deserve another Hell.  
 But 'cause here are not all, till th' other please  
 To come, let's Entertain and Honour these.  
 In the mean time, that *Bradshaw* may Inherit  
 Present Possession of his former Merit,  
 To him as Rump oth' Rump let us present  
 The Chair, for he was still their Fundament.  
 If you think fit, all Pde have you do,  
 'S to speak your mind then in a word or two.

*Applaudunt Omnes.*

Because thou'st done so ill, thou hast done well;  
*Bradshaw*, thou art Lord President of Hell.

**FINIS.**



